

The Tragedy of Hamlet

And the Kings rowse the heaven shall bruit againe,
Respeaking earthly thunder : Come away. *Flourish, Exeunt all*

Ham. O that this too too fallied flesh would melt, *but Hamlet.*
Thaw and resolve it selfe into a dew,
Or that the everlasting had not fixt
His Cannon 'gainst selfe slaughter ! O God, God,
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seeme to me all the uses of this World ?
Fie on't, ah fie, 'tis an unweeded Garden,
That growes to seed ; things rank & grosse in nature
Possesse it meerly : that it should come thus,
But two moneths dead, nay not so much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion to a Satyre, so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteeme the windes of heaven
Visit her face too roughly : heaven and earth
Must I remember, why she should hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had growne
By what it fed on ; and yet within a moneth,
Let me not thinke on't, frailty thy name is woman,
A little moneth : Or ere those shooes were old,
With which she followed my poore fathers body,
Like *Niobe* all teares, why she,
O God ! a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourn'd longer, married with my uncle,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Than I to *Hercules* ; within a moneth,
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous teares
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married. Oh most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets ;
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Barnardo.

Hora. Haile to your Lordship. (selfe.)

Ham. I am glad to see you well ; *Horatio*, or I doe forget my

Hora. The same my Lord, and your poore servant ever.

Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you ;

And

Prince of Denmarke.

And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio* ?
Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you (good even fi
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg* ?

Hora. A truant disposition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not heare your enemy say so,
Nor shall you doe my care that violence
To make it truster of your owne report
Against your selfe ; I know you are no truant ;
But what is your affaire in *Elfenour* ?

Wee'll teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

Hora. My Lord, I came to see your fathers fune

Ham. I prethee doe not mocke me fellow stud
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.

Hora. Indeed my Lord it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't m
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seene that day *Horatio*.

My father, me thinks I see my father.

Hora. Where my Lord ?

Ham. In my mindes eye *Horatio*.

Hora. I saw him once, a was a goodly King.

Ham. A was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not looke upon his like againe.

Hora. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternigh

Ham. Saw who ?

Hora. My Lord, the King your Father.

Ham. The King my father !

Hora. Season your admiration for a while
With an attentive eare, till I may deliver
Upon the wittnesse of these Gentlemen
This marvaile to you.

Ham. For Gods love let me heare.

Hora. Two nights together had these Gentler
Marcellus and *Barnardo*, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night

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